NUMB. CLXX.

The SPECTATOR.

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia: injuriæ, Suspiciones, inimicitiæ, induciæ, Bellum, pax rursum — Ter. Eun.

Friday, September 14. 1711.

UPON looking over the Letters of my female Correspondents, I find several from Women complaining of jealous Husbands, and at the same time protesting their own Innocence; and desiring my Advice on this Occasion. I shall therefore take this Subject into my Consideration, and the more willingly, because I find that the Marquis of *Halifax*, who in his Advice to a Daughter has instructed a Wife how to behave herself towards a false, an intemperate, a sullen, a covetous, or a silly Husband, has not spoken one Word of a jealous Husband. *Jealousy is that Pain which a Man feels from the Apprehension that he is not equally beloved by the Person whom he entirely loves.* Now, because our inward Passions and Inclinations can never make themselves visible, it is impossible for a jealous Man to be ever cured of his Suspicions. His Thoughts are at best in a State of Doubtfulness and Uncertainty, and are never capable of receiving any Satisfaction on the advantageous Side; so that his Endeavours are most successful when they discover nothing. His Pleasure arises from his Disappointments, and his Life is spent in Pursuit of a Secret that destroys his Happiness if he chance to find it.

As an ardent Love is always a strong Ingredient in Passion; for the same Affection that stirs up in a jealous Man's Desires, and gives the Party beloved so charming a Figure in his Imagination, makes him believe she kindles the same Passion in others, and appears as amiable to all Beholders. As Jealousy thus arises from an extraordinary Love, it is of so delicate a Nature that it refuses to take up with any thing less than an equal Return of Love. Not the warmest Expressions of Affection, the softest and most tender Hypocrisy, are able to give any Satisfaction, where we are not persuaded that the Affection is real and the Satisfaction mutual. For the jealous Man wishes himself a kind of Deity to the Person he loves: he would be the only Pleasure of her Senses, the Employment of her Thoughts; and is angry at everything she admires, or takes Delight in, besides himself.

Terence's Request to his Mistress upon his leaving her for three Days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

Nunc opus ipso præsens, absens ut sies:
Omnesque me ames: me desideres:
Me somnies: me exspectes: de me cogites:
Me speres: me te oblectes: mecum tota sis:
Meus sic sis postremo animus, quando ego sum tuus.
Ter. Eun.

The jealous Man's Disease is of so malignant a Nature, that it converts all he takes into its own Nourishment. A cool Behaviour sets him on the Rack, and is interpreted as an Instance of Aversion or Indifference; a fond one raises his Suspicions, and looks too much like Dissimulation and Artifice. If the Person he loves be cheerful, her Thoughts must be employed on another; and if sad, she is certainly thinking on himself. In short, there is no Word or Gesture so insignificant but it gives him new Hints, feeds his Suspicions, and furnishes him with fresh Matters of Discovery: So that if we consider the Effects of this Passion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate Hatred than an excessive Love; for certainly none can meet with more Disquietude and Uneasiness than a suspected Wife, if we except the jealous Husband.

But the great Unhappiness of this Passion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the Affection which it is so solicitous to engross; and that for these two Reasons, because it lays too great a Constraint on the Words and Actions of the suspected Person, and at the same time shews you have no honourable Opinion of her; both of which are strong Motives to Aversion.

Nor is this the worst Effect of Jealousy; for it often draws after it a more fatal Train of Consequences, and makes the Person you suspect guilty of the very Crimes you are so much afraid of. It is very natural for such who are treated ill and upbraided falsely, to find out an intimate Friend that will hear their Complaints, condole their Sufferings, and endeavour to sooth and assuage their secret Resentments. Besides, Jealousy puts a Woman often in Mind of an ill thing that she would not otherwise perhaps have thought of, and fills her Imagination with such an unlucky Idea, as in Time grows familiar, excites Desire, and loses all the Shame and Horrour that might at first attend it. Nor is it a Wonder, if she who suffers wrongfully in a Man's Opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his Esteem, resolves to give him Reason for his Suspicions, and to enjoy the Pleasure of the Crime since she must undergo the Ignominy.

Such

Such probably were the Considerations that directed the wise Man in his Advice to Husbands; *Be not jealous over the Wife of thy Bosom, and teach her not an evil Lesson against thy self.* Eccluſ.

And here, among the other Torments which this Paſſion produces, we may uſually obſerve that none are greater Mourners than jealous Men, when the Perſon that provoked their Jealouſy is taken from them. Then it is that their Love breaks out furiouſly, and throws off all the Mixtures of Suſpicion that choaked and ſmothered it before: The beautiful Parts of the Character riſe uppermoſt in the jealous Husband's Memory, and upbraid him with the ill Uſage of ſo divine a Creature as was once in his Poſſeſſion; whilſt all the little Imperfections that were formerly ſo uneaſy to him, wear off from his Remembrance, and ſhew themſelves no more.

We may ſee by what has been ſaid, that Jealouſy takes the deepeſt Root in Men of amorous Diſpoſitions; and of theſe we may find three Kinds who are moſt over-run with it.

The Firſt are thoſe who are conſcious to themſelves of any Infirmity, whether it be Weakneſs, old Age, Deformity, Ignorance, or the like. Theſe Men are ſo well acquainted with the unamiable Part of themſelves, that they have not the Confidence to think they are really beloved; and are ſo diſtruſtful of their own Merits, that all Fondneſs towards them puts them out of Countenance, and looks like a Jeſt upon their Perſons. They grow ſuſpicious on their firſt looking in a Glaſs, and are ſtung with Jealouſy at the Sight of a Wrinkle. A handſome Fellow immediately alarms them, and every thing that looks young or gay turns their Thoughts upon their Wives.

A ſecond Sort of Men, who are moſt liable to this Paſſion, are thoſe of cunning, wary and diſtruſtful Tempers. It is a Fault very juſtly found in Hiſtories compoſed by Politicians, that they leave nothing to Chance or Humour, but are ſtill for deriving every Action from ſome Plot and Contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual Scheme of Cauſes and Events, and preſerving a conſtant Correſpondence between the Camp and the Council-Table. And thus it happens in the Affairs of Love with Men of too refined a Thought. They put a Conſtruction on a Look, and find out a Deſign in a Smile; they give new Senſes and Significations to Words and Actions; and are ever tormenting themſelves with Fancies of their own raiſing: They generally act in a Diſguiſe themſelves, and therefore miſtake all outward Shows and Appearances for Hipocriſy in others; ſo that I believe no Men ſee leſs of the Truth and Reality of things, than theſe great Refiners upon Incidents that will be ſo wonderfully ſubtile and over-wiſe in their Conceptions.

Now what theſe Men fancy they know of Women by Reflection, your lewd and vicious Men believe they have learn'd by Experience. They have ſeen the poor Husband ſo miſled by Tricks and Artifices, and in the Midſt of his Enquiries ſo loſt and bewildered in a crooked Intreague, that they ſtill expect an Under-plot in every female Action; and eſpecially where they ſee any Reſemblance in the Behaviour of two Perſons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the ſame Deſign in both. Theſe Men therefore bear hard upon the ſuſpected Party, purſue her cloſe through all her Turns and Windings, and are too well acquainted with the Chace to be ſhuffled off by any falſe Steps or Doubles: Beſides, their Acquaintance and Converſation has lain wholly among the vicious Part of Womankind, and therefore it is no Wonder they cenſure all alike, and look upon the whole Sex as a Species of Impoſtors. In ſhort, notwithſtanding their private Experience, they can get over theſe Prejudices, and entertain a favourable Opinion of ſome *Women*; yet their own looſe Deſires will ſtir up new Suſpicions from another Side, and make them believe all *Men* ſubject to the ſame Inclinations with themſelves.

Whether theſe or other Motives are moſt predominant, we learn from the modern Hiſtories of *America*, as well as from our own Experience in this Part of the World, that Jealouſy is no Northern Paſſion, but rages moſt in thoſe Nations that are neareſt the Influence of the Sun. It is a Misfortune for a Woman to be born betwixt the Tropicks, for there lie the hotteſt Regions of Jealouſy, which as you come Northward cools all along with the Climate, till you ſcarce meet with any thing like it in the Polar Circle. Our own Nation is very temperately ſituated in this Reſpect, and if we meet with ſome few diſordered with the Violence of this Paſſion, they are not the proper Growth of our Country, but are many Degrees nearer the Sun in their Conſtitutions than in their Climate.

After this frightful Account of Jealouſy, and the Perſons that are moſt ſubject to it, it will be but fit to ſhew by what Means the Paſſion may be beſt allay'd, and thoſe who are poſſeſſed with it ſet at eaſe. Other Faults indeed are not under the Wife's Juriſdiction, and ſhould, if poſſible, eſcape her Obſervation; but Jealouſy calls upon her particularly for its Cure, and deſerves all her Art and Application in the Attempt: Beſides, ſhe has this for her Encouragement, that her Endeavours will be always pleaſing, and that ſhe will ſtill find the Affection of her Husband riſing towards her in proportion as his Doubts and Suſpicions vaniſh; for, as we have ſeen all along, there is ſo great a Mixture of Love in Jealouſy as is well worth the Separating. But this ſhall be the Subject of another Paper.

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